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The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. IX.

HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1876.

NO. II.

BYE AND BYE.

What if clouds hang dark and dreary
O'er the sky?

Suns will yet shine for the weary,
Bye and Bye.

Though the world looks on you coldly,
Do not sigh!

You may yet face all men boldly,
Bye and Bye.

Through the midnight, stars are gleaming,
True, though shy;

In thy life bright hours are beaming,
Bye and Bye.

Look not on the side of sorrow,
Ask not why

To day is trouble, there's a morrow
Bye and Bye.

Sigh not, for beyond the river
Upon high,

You may see it all, forever,
Bye and Bye.

W.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

We know him out of Shakspeare's art,
And these fine curses which he spoke;
The old Timon with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

—Tennyson.

Timon of Athens is a satire on the ingratitude and falseness of human nature, and also that contemptible trait of character, parasitism. The first object the poet has in view, is to show how parasites and hangers on will follow a man until they have drained him of his wealth, and then cast him aside like a squeezed lemon. Besides this, are shown the evils of indiscriminate generosity, and of too much confidence in human nature, as exemplified in the character of Timon.

In the beginning of the play, we see

Timon, possessed of all his immense wealth, and surrounded by a throng of greedy leeches and blood-suckers, each waiting his turn to fasten on the noble Athenian, and fatten himself on what he may be able to draw from his victim's full veins. Timon himself, free, open handed, and generous, dispenses his favors with a liberal prodigality, while his noble disposition suspects no falseness in those whom he calls his friends, but deems them like himself, always ready to assist those in distress. When the crash comes, and he finds himself a beggar, he thinks it will make but slight difference, for how often have his friends applauded when he has said, "What better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends?" But alas, what a hollow mockery was this applause! Born for the moment, to curry favor with him, who for the time was the topmost bough; when he had been lopped in accordance with the stern decree of Fortune, it perished with him.

He has sent to his friends to ask a loan for present needs, and is refused by all. When he next makes his appearance on the stage, he is enraged with the news of this refusal, and immediately on coming out of his house is met by his unfortunate creditors, clamoring for their money. This is the last drop in his cup of misery, and he goes off into a fit closely resembling insanity. All have deserted him, and no one is left but faithful Flavius, who stands by him until the last. Thus at one blow he is deprived of all his faith in mankind, and becomes, as he terms it himself, a *misanthropus*, hating every human creature, and at war with the whole

race of man. This is perfectly in keeping with what the poet has already revealed of Timon's character. As long as he had confidence in men, it was unbounded, and he would trust the merest stranger as readily as his faithful steward, tried by long years of service. But when this confidence was once shaken, when the bubble was once touched and burst, it was irreparably lost, and nothing could restore it. His full, ready trust was replaced by suspicion, and his kindness and generosity of spirit by venomous spleen. He has the same opinion of man with Byron in his "Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog."

———"Thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit;
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame."

This is the very spirit of Timon's railing, except that he goes further and curses those whom he hates and despises.

Shakspeare expresses the same thought with Byron when he puts into his hero's mouth the words,

"Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind."

There is a bitter spirit of mockery in the latter of these two lines, which chimes in well with what we may suppose to be the state of Timon's feelings at that instant. He compares the *unkind* beasts favorably with *mankind*, in regard to those same kindly virtues which he says even the beasts possess, though in a small degree.

While digging for roots to satisfy his hunger, Timon comes upon a nugget of gold. This starts him off in a new direction, and he falls to cursing gold as the origin of all the crimes to which human nature is prone. He shows it to Apemantus, who, after leaving him, spreads the report that although he is living in a cave in the most wretched manner, yet he is wealthy still, and generous as ever. This report brings first, robbers, and then the greater part of his former parasites. To the robbers he gives gold, and bids them continue

in their vocation, because of the injury which they do to mankind, but the parasites he drives off with blows and curses; and the last we see of him, he is in the act of cursing mankind generally, and particularly that portion which dwells in Athens.

The character of Apemantus is in complete contrast with that of Timon, both before and after the latter's fall, as it may be termed. When Apemantus is first introduced, his snarling and snapping betray his meanness of spirit, and it is easily seen that his semblance of a philosopher is put on merely for effect, and in order to gratify his littleness of spirit by caviling at everybody and everything he sees. He wishes evil to all, without regard to whether they have done him an injury or even have exchanged words with him; while Timon's curses on mankind have, at least, the excuse of coming from one who has been bitterly wronged by the persons against whom they are directed. Apemantus's prayer, or more properly, grace at the banquet, is just what might have been expected from one of his disposition. It is entirely selfish, intended solely for his own good. This goes to prove that he has not put this "antic disposition" on with any design of benefiting mankind, but rather with a view of venting his spleen without being called to account, since philosophers were privileged characters. After Timon has lost his fortune and retired to the woods, Apemantus follows him and derides him, telling how his flatterers are still in possession of their wealth, and bidding him go and retrieve his fortunes by the same means which they used. The only remark he makes which hits Timon hard is when he says, "The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends." This is very just, and describes Timon's life correctly, but the noble Athenian might just as well have said to Apemantus, "The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of one end." On the whole, we have not that respect for the character of

Apemantus, which we have for Diogenes, the Cynic.

While the principal action, that in regard to Timon, is being carried on, there is a lesser one, that of Alcibiades, going on at the same time. That they are both related to the same original subject, the ingratitude of those who have received benefits, is seen in Act III, Sc. V., in which Alcibiades is represented as praying for the life of his friend who has killed his opponent in a duel. This request is preferred before the senators for whom Alcibiades and his friend have done so much in their profession of arms, by keeping off the enemies of Athens, while the senators took their usury and governed in peace. The difference in character of the two men comes out after they have been rebuffed by the recipients of their favor. Timon gives up all confidence in men, and betakes himself to the woods where he may curse them to his heart's content. Not so the soldier. He immediately sets out for his troops, puts himself at their head, and returning, compels the haughty senators to submit to his requirements and give him the vengeance he demands.

Flavius is the one redeeming point in all this scene of ingratitude and treachery. His fidelity and constancy to Timon are in pleasing contrast with the fickleness of the latter's friends. Timon is at last made to see that there is some spark of good left in human nature, but it is too late. He recognizes the fact when Flavius seeks him out in order to try to benefit him, but it is no use now, he is too far gone. If he had made this discovery at first, how much misery he might have been saved, for it was just the want of a single point on which to place his trust that caused his fall. Flavius would have furnished precisely that point, if his master in his rage at being deserted, as he thought, by everybody, had not been too blind to perceive it. Timon may excite pity, Apemantus, contempt, Alcibiades, admiration of his soldierly qualities,

but Flavius, the faithful steward, is the only one who inspires us with respect.

MORTUÆ SUNT.

Every year ushers in the death of an old college institution; not necessarily an institution devoted to the culture of the highest faculties of the mind, but some band of congenial spirits, surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery, societies whose founders had certainly no more malevolent designs than to spend a few hours in *enlightening* conversation, etc.

It is curious to observe how, when one society dies a natural death, another instantly replaces it. As though there was some faculty in every student's mind, which induced him to gather a few select *spirits* around himself. Thus when the Grand Tribunal was no longer able to charm the wily Sophomore and verdant Freshman, and protect them by its sanctity from the wicked influences around them, up sprang the *Πω Παυ Παυ*, a living menagerie of frightful animals, whose ferocity even a learned scholar feared. For, as the story came to us, one night this troupe was noiselessly ascending the college hill, accompanying their steps with the doleful tune of "*Three Blind Mice*," adapted to the three mysterious words, *Πω Παυ Παυ*.

The moon looked down and wondered what it meant. But when she saw the Hippogriff, she hid herself behind a cloud, and all was darkness. In front of the chapel this ghostly band halted, arrayed themselves in their robes, and joining hands, danced around their altar. The sweet sounds of the merry voices, which emanated from the *spiritual* band, awoke a sleeper who somehow did not at once appreciate the beauty of the Greek chorus. Courageously hastening to the spot, he gently whispered, "Please go to your rooms, gentlemen." Of course the beasts retired; but, alas! one poor imp had for gotten a bundle which he had left at the

foot of the chapel pillars. Under the portico stood the man of learning, and near him lay the coveted parcel. Slowly the Hippogriff crawled along, his eyes on the bundle, and slowly the man of learning retired, his eye on the beast, whose horrible features writhed with passion. Nearer and nearer came the beast, further and further retreated the disciple of Solomon, until the Hippogriff had reached his bundle, and the Philosopher had reached the door of Brownell Hall, when a loud laugh informed him that some beasts can enjoy a joke as well as mankind.

Another peculiar and mysterious organization, but of much later date, is the *Mu Mu Mu*. When this was first formed, many were the conjectures as to who belonged to it, and what its object was, as week after week, its mysterious notices appeared upon the bulletin-board. Some said it was a *hoax*, and the entire outer world settled upon that conclusion, until its name appeared in *The Ivy*, when new wonder arose. This body, whatever its objects, whoever its members were, undoubtedly was a source of enjoyment to those who belonged to it. Whether they held revivals in lonely spots where some unfortunate acted the part of Prometheus Vincitus, or whether they devoted themselves to more *chimerical* pursuits, must ever be a conjecture. Their beautiful design which appeared in *The Ivy* may be typical of the death awaiting its members, or may be a representation of some unfortunate Painter who fell a victim to their rage. Certes we can only say, that the Faculty say, that the students have never been so quiet and orderly as during the last few years, since that society made its *debut*. They may not attribute this improvement to the influence of the "*Mu Mu Mu*," but those are the facts, infer what you will; and yet, after doing so much good, it too appears to have died a natural death.

MINOR MATTERS.

PROFESSOR JIM.

Our old janitor, who has been kept indoors during the long spell of damp weather, has now made his appearance, and is seen wandering over the campus and among the buildings, just as he used to do of yore, in the days when we were Freshmen. He informed us the other day that he often thought of taking up his duties once more, and said he didn't like to see his place filled by any but himself while he lived. But we think at his age rest is more to be desired. We would like to know if any of the books are left which contain the history of his life, as we think many would like to buy them.

RECENT WIND STORM.

During the wind storm, which lasted all of February 2nd, many of the students were startled by the falling of bricks and the tearing of tin, which suggested the idea that the whole roof was coming off. But on examination it was found that only the tin roofing of Jarvis Hall had been torn off, taking with it a piece of the chimney. The necessary repairs were promptly made.

TELEGRAPH ASSOCIATION.

At a recent meeting of the C. U. T. A., officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows:

E. N. BURKE, *President*.
 H. H. BRIGHAM, *Vice President*.
 J. H. K. BURGWIN, *Gen. Secretary*.
 ROBERT H. COLEMAN, *Rec. Secretary*.
 W. E. ROGERS, *Treasurer*.
 W. G. MATHER, *Manager*.
 E. K. TULLIDGE, *Supt.*
 S. G. HEWITT, *Chief Operator*.
 J. D. STANLEY, *Line Repairer*.
 W. R. WEBB, *Messenger Boy*.

Much damage was done to the line by the wind, and some time will elapse before the necessary repairs can be made. Main office 13, B. H.

'79.

Where is '79? What has become of that class? Why can't some class spirit and in-

terest be stirred up? Neither the class can or the class notices have yet been chosen, things which ought to have been attended to long ago; and the *Ivy* editors are complaining of the late date at which the cut was handed in. Stir up, '79, and show some interest in college matters.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

Many persons who have been asked to advertise in the TABLET, have said that by so doing no advantage is gained, and that students are as likely to patronize those who don't advertise as those who do. This is to a certain extent true. But we could name many men whom they do patronize, who never advertise in the TABLET or *Ivy*. Now this ought not to be so. Let us therefore try to help those who help us, even if we have to go out of our way to do so. We can't aid those who refuse to assist us; therefore consult our advertisements and act accordingly.

GLEE CLUB.

Friday, the 4th inst., those of the students who were awake at twelve o'clock were the recipients of a serenade from the Glee Club. The night was lovely, and the music entirely in keeping with its quiet beauty. The members of the club show good sense and good taste in the choice of their selections, as the mere mention of the fact, that they sing from the Arion collection will testify. On this occasion they sang, "Banish, Oh Maiden," "The Wanderer's Return," "I know a Maiden fair to see," and several others of a like character. The singing shows a marked improvement from their first efforts, and we confidently look forward to the time when they can take a high position among the college organizations of the kind. They have lately sustained a severe loss, in Mr. Chapin, one of the 2nd basses, who has been compelled by sickness to leave the college for about a month.

We hope for a repetition of the serenade at an early day, and indeed if the club only knew how much pleasure it afforded their

fellow-students they would sing oftener and longer. They sang so little that it was very disappointing to hear them separate for their rooms, and we take this opportunity to ask them to stay a little longer next time.

SUBJECTS OF THEMES, ETC., FOR TRINITY TERM, 1876.

SENIORS. Jan. 25. Critique; Draper's "Conflict of Religion and Science," or, "the Ship in the Desert."

Mar. 8. Poem; "The Death of Harold," or, "The Age of Sham."

April. Graduating Oration.

JUNIORS. Feb. 10. Arthurian Romances Contrasted with Those of the Present time.

Mar. 23. Satire as a Moral Agent.

May 11. The Growth of the English Constitution.

SOPHOMORES. Feb. 10. Foreign Helpers of the Colonies in the War of the Revolution.

Mar. 9. Freaks of Fashion.

April 6. The Great Pyramid.

May 11. College Courtesies.

June 1. The Next Religious War.

SOPHOMORE LITERARY SOCIETY.

A few evenings ago, we had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the Sophomore Literary Society, and were glad to see with what propriety and decorum the exercises were conducted. After a spirited discussion of the subject: "Resolved that the Bible should be excluded from the Public Schools," the following officers were elected for the ensuing term of office:

JOHN D. HILLS, '78, *President*.

GEO. H. MOFFETT, '78, *1st Vice President*.

JOHN WILLIAMS, '78, *2nd Vice President*.

J. C. DEUEL, '78, *Secretary*.

W. C. BLACKMER, '78, *Treasurer*.

M. K. BAILEY, '79, *Janitor Aulae*.

As this is the only literary society in college, let us all take an interest in it, and make it what it should be.

The Trinity Tablet.

Published every three weeks during term-time by
the Students of

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Managing Editor, JOHN HUSKE.

EDITORS, CLASS OF '77.

JOHN H. K. BURGWIN, SYDNEY D. HOOKER,
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, EDWARD M. SCUDDER.

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COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

To be a faithful chronicler of exciting and interesting events is no easy task, but to sit down and deliberately form a *plenum* out of a *vacuum* is incomparably worse. The weather, however, that fertile source of information, is true to its nature, and has been so variable that the poorest mind can find

much to say about it. As if to gratify the wish of the writer of our last College and Campus, the beautiful snow put in an appearance for a few days, accompanied by a cold wind, which, besides causing an extra consumption of coal, as usual froze up the hydrant in B. H. As the ordinary student considers it a great exertion to fetch water up two or three flights of stairs, the necessity of an additional journey over the snow between the two halls has occasioned deep grumblings, and loud murmurings against the powers that be for not anticipating such an accident. However, the snow all melted, and like the famous Arab,

"Folded *its* tent, and silently stole away,"

and a few sunny days followed, which roused the dormant energies of the ball players, and deluded many with the hope that spring was near at hand. Two enthusiastic players were seen preparing for the approaching season. May they be successful in their strivings after fame. If the whole nine were as enthusiastic, they might achieve success which would warrant our sending them to compete with the other college nines, a thing to be devoutly wished for. This weather, so stimulating to them, had a contrary influence upon the Glee Club, who wish for the thermometer at zero, that they may enjoy the pleasure of standing an hour or two in the cold delightfully bracing air. Many are the rumors of serenades and mysterious conversations with young ladies, to make sure that their sweet strains will not startle the slumbers of the servant-maid, instead of the fair mistress. Those mysterious ribbons which decorated their coats some time since, are supposed to have been bestowed upon them by the happy beings whom they entranced by their Syren voices. We suggest that the next time they serenade the college, they choose an hour when a few students are awake.

We have devoted much thought to the reading-room during the past three weeks,

and can trace a gradual improvement in its condition. The exchanges, however, should be kept on file, and not left loose to serve as missiles in the hands of Sophomores in their combats with Freshmen. In this respect seventy-five adopted a much wiser course, which is so well known as to render description of it unnecessary, and allusion to it sufficient. We fully appreciate the difficulty of keeping such a place in order, and are pleased to notice every step in the right direction.

The rapid approach of Washington's birthday calls for vigorous action to be taken about the dance. If the Freshmen refuse to give it, let the whole college subscribe and get up one that will reflect credit upon us. This would be especially pleasing to those who are trembling for fear that they will not be invited to the leap year German, on the 29th.

We are sorry to have to complete our College and Campus by mention of Mr. Chapin's unfortunate illness. His departure affected us all, and particularly the Glee Club, of which he was a prominent member. We trust his sickness is of such a character as to admit of his speedy return.

THE BASE BALL NINE.

Now that the boating interest has subsided, all thoughts are centered upon our nine. Never have the prospects seemed so flattering as at present. The season promises to be an early one, and everything should be in good working order, so that no delay may retard our work when the ground admits of practice. It is quite probable, that the Faculty will excuse the members of the nine from two evening chapels a week. This has always been done in the case of the University Crew, and certainly the Ball Nine, if properly managed, can do the college as much good as a crew. If this could be accomplished, the nine will have two evenings every week when they can practice, and two days on

which they can meet and play with other nines. This practicing, we think, should be done as much as possible on the Hartford Club Grounds, which they have heretofore so kindly permitted us to use. Or at any time that they cannot be obtained, let the nine practice on the new college grounds. Playing on the present Campus is of little good to any members of the nine, except the pitcher and catcher. We are further aided this year in being able to select from the men who were on the crew, those who promise to turn out good players.

Several members of the Hartford nine have offered to teach our men the science of the game. This is the first time that our nine have had such an opportunity, and they should eagerly embrace it. Again, the club have elected this year two directors, who are *interested* in their progress, and will gladly assist them as much as they can. But, to accomplish this, the nine themselves must show a willingness to yield all personal comforts *pro bono publico*. For unless they agree to play the games which the Directors determine upon, unless they cast aside all fear that their opponents may be stronger than themselves, the project will fail as it did last year. If they will evince some *zeal* and earnest desire to succeed, we *know* the college will supply all necessary funds.

This year there is no crew to share the interest, and divide the money between and the nine. The nine affords the only proof to outsiders that the college is on a par with the other institutions of the country. Let them reflect that the dignity of our Alma Mater calls on them for support, and let their actions show the love they feel for the old college. Now that we have enumerated the great advantages they will enjoy this year, we beg leave to call their attention to a few of their failings, which have been very evident during the last few years.

First, the lack of union between the members of the nine, and between the nine and

the decisions of the captain; Second, the slovenly manner in which they play, when they meet with a nine whom they know they can beat; it should be a rule, that every man should always play his very best then the captain can determine who he can rely upon, when he challenges a strange nine; and lastly, the constantly recurring differences of opinion between the nine and its Directors. Let these points be corrected during the coming season, and we can prophesy, that success will follow their efforts.

PERSONAL.

WILLIAMS, '35.—Bishop Williams repeated before the Church of the Good Shepherd, Hartford, his lecture on the "Reformation in Mexico," delivered before the Missionary Society last term.

SAYRES, '36.—Rev. George Sayres' address is Jamaica, N. Y.

PRESTON, '43.—Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, of Albany, N. Y., has been recommended to his Holiness the Pope, as *dignissimus* for the vacant Roman Catholic diocese of Hartford.

PRESCOTT, '44.—Rev. Oliver S. Prescott has taken charge of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia.

FERGUSON, '51.—John D. Ferguson has been appointed on the state centennial committee on education.

GREGORY, '54.—Rev. Henry T. Gregory's address is Pendleton, S. C.

GALLAUDET, '56.—Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet recently delivered an address in Boston, before an assemblage of prominent scientists, in honor of the memory of the late Dr. E. S. Howe.

STORRS, '63.—Rev. Leonard K. Storrs has charge of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Mass.

BROCKLESBY, '65.—John Brocklesby was married on the first of this month, to Miss Mary Haviland Emery, of Boston.

STEVENS, '65.—Samuel Stevens has changed

his address from 64 Nassau St., to 43 Chambers St., New York City.

MACKAY, '67.—Rev. William R. Mackay has charge of St. John's Church, Central City, Col.

PHILLIPS, '71.—Clifton W. Phillips is a partner in the firm of Phillips & Co., glass manufacturers, Pittsburg.

RICHARDSON, '73.—Mr. Richardson went to New York for a few days, on account of ill-health, but has returned, fully recovered.

MAYNADIER, '75.—Ebenezer Eveleth Maynadier has obtained a dispensation changing his name to Mathias Francis.

LINCOLN, '76.—F. T. Lincoln has returned to college.

HOOKE, '77.—Sydney D. Hooker is improving, and we hope to see him with us soon.

CHAPIN, '78.—W. V. Chapin has left college for a short time, on account of sickness. If his health does not improve he will go to Europe to recuperate.

CHAPMAN, '79.—Thomas B. Chapman has left college until next fall, when he intends to enter the class of '80.

PARTICLES.

There are *four* men on the IV (*Ivy*) committee.—What is the difference between a black cloud in a thunder-storm, and a boy who is being thrashed? One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.—The student who had to eat custard pie every day for a month, *cust hard* at his landlady about it.—A Freshman says that eighty-five per cent. of the inhabitants of this country speak German, sixty-five French, and forty-five English.—The Juniors have taken up astronomy.—Have your photographs taken by Warren, of Boston.—Reason why some men in Jarvis Hall do not pay their TABLET bills: because the gale the other day stripped them of their tin.—Two Seniors, in speaking of the ancient cities of Palestine, perpetrated

the following. *1st Senior.* Say, Ed, I am tired (Tyre) of this subject. *2d Senior.* Sub (Sidon) it then.—A Freshman says that no Sophomore shall *hazle* him.—The Juniors had some very pleasing experiments in electric light, a few evenings ago.—Why is a hungry man like a baker? Because they both need (knead) bread.—The Seniors will go to New Haven to have their class photographs taken. Warren has a studio in that city.—Why is it that the Yale students have to come here to have their Germans? “R. S. V. P. as soon as possible.”—The subject for the last Senior discussion was: “Ought a bank cashier to deliver up the keys to Burglars?” Some one in Northampton is strongly in favor of the affirmative.—The Seniors have selected a design for their class-day invitations, furnished by Tiffany & Co. It is said to be very pretty.—Judging from the narrowness of the board-walks, the Faculty have a very high opinion of the moral rectitude of the students.—A graduate of Union recently translated “Le véloptime,” the velocipede.—The Freshmen have chosen *Καὶ ὁρᾷ Ἀσπὲ* as their class motto.—All wishing to pay their TABLET bills, will receive a cordial welcome at 43 J. H.—How many tomatoes does a chicken eat at a mouthful? A peck.—A Freshman the other evening ate sixteen waffles for supper, and after he had left the room, the general remark was, “Oh, aint you waffle?”

MY CHUM.

To the Editors of the Trinity Tablet.

GENTLEMEN:—Pursuant to your call for articles, I have undertaken to offer, through your columns, a slight tribute to one now dead. Some have said he was a monomaniac, but that slander I indignantly deny. Although I am very diffident about my power of adding to his fame, which was so widespread when he was in college, yet the remembrance of his last words, “Jim, show

the world the pleasures to be derived from a good——,” here he paused and never said more, has determined me to write this account of his life. What the last word of his dying wish would have been, no one knows. I have supplied dinner, others say conscience. I first formed his acquaintance one September morning in 186—, when I alighted from the cars, on my way to college, to pass my *admittitur* examinations. May be my anxious face touched the benevolence, for which he was noted, for he no sooner saw me than, opening his coat as if to embrace me in its folds, but as I afterward learnt, to display to my wondering eyes a mysterious piece of gold which was pinned to his vest, he warmly grasped my hand, and drawing my arm in his, seized my bag, and asked me if I were going to college? I answered, yes; whereupon he invited me to dine with him at the Allyn House, and refresh my inner soul, preparatory to my examinations. Ah, how little I thought, when I accepted his invitation, what a world of pleasure and misery that Allyn House contained. I now look back with wonder at that meal. Fear of offending my new friend chained my tongue, and I eat my steak in silence, amazed at the number of dishes that surrounded him. From that day we were fast friends. For several weeks I discovered nothing wonderful in his actions, until one Sunday morning, while walking home from church, I noticed his unusual silence. Meditating upon the sermon, thought I, and kept still. We reached college, ascended the stairs, and I prepared myself for dinner, but still he preserved an ominous silence. He walked to the window, then to the door, put coal on the fire, took off his coat, and put it on again, without a word. I grew anxious; I feared that he was unwell: when suddenly he turned to me, and with a flashing eye and swelling bosom, told me to get ready to go to the Allyn House for dinner. His face showed signs of extraordinary passion. His color came and went, and his

whole frame was distended at the prospect of the feast. In meek silence I obeyed, and we hurried down town. All the way I noticed with fear his strange actions. Guttural sounds came from his mouth, he clenched his fists and then unclenched them, while anon he would hurry on as though pursued by a fiend, and again would walk so slowly that I could hardly keep by his side. I confess the rumors of his monomania seemed so consistent with his actions, that I would gladly have been safe at college. But it was impossible to escape him. Arrived at the Allyn House, he assumed a majesty which Jove would have envied, and led the way to the dining-room. I followed in awe. Seating himself at the head of a long table, he became absorbed in the bill of fare, and left me to my reflections and my dinner. I gently ordered a plate of soup, when I was startled to hear my chum order five of different kinds. The waiter hastened to fill his order, with a smile that showed his knowledge of my chum's character. The next course he again quintupled my order; and two waiters silently removed the chairs from our table, so that no one could sit there, and monopolize the room for dishes. Ever since we sat down, my chum had ignored my presence; but when dessert was brought on the table, he awoke to the consciousness of my existence. "Order some more, Jim," said he, "this is only my first course." Alas, I had been waiting an hour and a half already, and he was not satisfied. At five we left the hotel and returned to college. This was a fair example of his semi-weekly dinners, until a strange circumstance compelled him to change his tactics. I discovered that he no longer entered the hotel with the majestic step and *auribus arrectis*, but with eyes turned towards the ground, he meekly took a seat near the door; and there he sat, for no waiter dared take his order, but a suppressed giggle smote my poor chum's heart. He was a man of ingenuity, however, and the next time he dined he

slowly drew a five dollar bill from his pocket and placed it under his goblet. Then the scene changed. Babel with its confused jabbering crowd could not have equalled the cries of "What will you have, sir?" that came from the thronging waiters. With great dignity he named some forty dishes, and abided the result. Soon the table was covered with soups, entries, roasts, desserts, etc. Then he calmly raised his glass, took up the bill, folded it to the size of a penny, extended it to the most zealous waiter, and with a snap of his thumb and fourth finger, sent it up his own sleeve. This plan failed after one trial, as well as many more of equal ingenuity, which time forbids my mentioning. Finally he was requested by the powers that be, either to patronize another house, or to confine his appetite within reasonable limits.

Poor chum! he is dead now. The doctors said he died of apoplexy brought on by over-eating. I think he died of—want of breath.

J. M.

NOTES ON EXCHANGES.

We are glad to welcome the *Yale Lit.* It forms such a contrast with the other papers of that institution, that it is really refreshing to know that Yale has at least one representative worthy of notice. Were it not that "comparisons are odious," we would feel tempted to institute one between the *Yale Courant* and the *Archangel*; but for fear that we might do the latter injustice we will desist. We were much pleased with the article in the *Lit.* entitled "College Homes."

The Vassar Miscellany discusses the merits of Charles Dickens at considerable length. The article displays a good power of discrimination, and certainly does the novelist no injustice in ranking him below Scott and Thackeray.

The Virginia University Magazine comes to us with its usual amount of good reading matter.

The Princeton students have grown so good that they think that they can dispense with some of the Sunday services, according to the *Nassau Lit.*

The Irving Union begins its last number with a very poor parody on "Excelsior."

The Targum contains a good article entitled "College Sinners."

Tuft's Collegian discusses "College Manners" in a very pleasing communication. The article is worthy of general perusal, and we hope it will do good, as there is certainly much room for improvement in this respect in most of our colleges.

The *University Magazine* makes a very neat appearance. The last number contains two articles on the subject of "Marks," *pro* and *con*.

The poetry entitled "Pompeii," in the last number of the *Horace Scholastica*, is quite good, and ranks fairly with most of the poetry in college journals.

The Niagara Index is too badly printed to demand perusal. This is a fault which can easily be remedied, and we see no excuse for it.

We are glad to add to our exchange list the *University Monthly*, of East Tennessee University. It presents a better appearance than most of the southern exchanges.

The Hamilton Lit. contains an able answer to an article which recently appeared in the *New York Sun*, entitled "Bad work for boys."

We have looked in vain through recent numbers of the *Yale Record* for anything worthy of criticism, but have found only the usual amount of slang. The article entitled "Jobling, there are chords," which appeared in the issue of the ninth of February, is an unpardonable conglomeration of nonsense.

The following is the opinion of a Yale Sophomore with regard to the *Yale Courant*. "It is rather a disagreeable thing to say, but it is the truth, and about time these editors knew it, that their scraggy sheet, by reason

of its woful lack of brains and ill-concealed vulgarity, has never been overmuch a favorite; and that if, as in the present instance, it abandons even truth, it justly loses all protection to esteem and patronage."

The *Hesperian Student*, hailing from the far west, contains some good reading matter on subjects of general interest. The subject, "The Centennial Year," however, is growing very stale.

For the edification and enlightenment of the *Bowdoin Orient*, we would state that we are not acquainted with any such author as *Ségar*; but we did publish in our last issue a translation from *Ségar*, which in point of poetical merit, could not well be inferior to the effusion "A letter never sent home."

A recent number of the *Yale Courant* compared us to the *Williams Athenæum*. We accept the compliment, for such we consider it, although it was not so intended.

CLIPPINGS.

As some of our readers may know, there was a little party at Hartford last Wednesday night. One of the "bloods" of the class went up to a young lady, and going through the operation known as "treading water," hee-hawed out, "I am not used to wearing silk stockings, and I guess that is what makes my feet so cold." To which the maiden replied, "Yes, I guess that's the reason why my feet are cold, too." 'This little bit of aristocratic conversation was considered by the bystanders fully worth the \$9 which was exacted of each one.—*Yale Record*.

Miss Cavendish, the English actress, is coming, and some one remarks that she is fine-cut. Then the critics can puff her if they chews.—*Norristown Herald*.

When she comes the *Herald* will of course be ready to back 'er.—*Bowdoin Orient*.

Harvard will doubtless roll 'er up a large audience.

The truth of the adage "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," was charmingly brought out that slippery morning, when a

blue-eyed school-girl sat down hard among her books, and remarked "d——n it!"—*Yale Record*.

An American lady, Miss Ness, whose christian name was NANCY, requested an English wit to explain to her the meaning of the words, "abstract" and "concrete." He replied:

TO MISS NESS.

Say, what is "abstract?" what "concrete?"

Their qualities define;

They both in one fair person meet,

And that fair form is *thine*.

How so? your riddle, pray, undo.

'Tis no hard-labored guess;

For when we lovely *Nancy* view,

We then view "Lovely Ness."—*Ex.*

WALKS.

In the last Number of the TABLET, we remarked on the condition of the walks, and we urged the necessity of laying boards through the campus, for the accommodation of students; but no attention has been paid to the matter. It is true a few planks have been laid in single file along one path, which may be compared to a rope flung across the slough of despond; for whenever any one steps on it, it sinks in the mire. The consequence is, no one can traverse the campus without getting his shoes covered with mud, and his feet soaked. Every Winter heretofore a plank-walk has been laid down, but as yet none has appeared, and we earnestly urge a consideration of the subject.

LECTURES.

The Junior class have been for a few weeks past enjoying a series of lectures on Electricity and Magnetism, given by Dr. Brocklesby. Thus far they have proved very interesting, and have been attended with complete success. Although the weather was not cold enough to admit of some of the experiments in electricity, yet a great number were shown with the electric machine, among which was the drawing of a spark twenty-two inches in length. The machine under favorable circumstances is capable of giving a spark of thirty inches.

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